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CASTINE—From the Brooksville side of the Harbor.

THE

CENTENNIAL OF CASTINE

64744

AN ACCOUNT OF THE EXERCISES AT THE CELEBRATION
OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF
THE INCORPORATION OF THE TOWN

JULY 9th, 1896

PUBLISHED AND SOLD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE TOWN LIBRARY

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1896

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CENTENNIAL OF CASTINE.

THE ORGANIZATION.

EARLY in the year 1894, the citizens of Castine began to consider the desirability of marking with a celebration the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town under its present name. Although the first settlement of the place dates far back into the mists of such an antiquity as an American community might claim for itself, one hundred years was all that could be reckoned for the lifetime of the comparatively modern town of Castine; and the proposition to celebrate its centennial was regarded with favor because, among other considerations, it would establish a point for the recurrence of anniversaries yet to come.

Accordingly, in the warrant issued for the town-meeting held in March, 1894, an article was inserted providing for consideration of the expediency of celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town. At that meeting the whole matter, after some discussion, was referred to a committee of five citizens, who, in conjunction with the Selectmen, were to consider the proposition and report at the town-meeting to be held in the following March. John F. Rea, George H. Witherle, Charles H. Hooper, Dr. E. E. Philbrook and C. Fred Jones were appointed to serve on the committee; and at the meeting in March, 1895, their report, which was in favor of such a celebration,

was presented to the voters of the town. The report was accepted and adopted, and it was agreed that the celebration should, among other features, include public exercises to be held on some day to be selected from the months of June or July, 1896.

At the same meeting a committee of citizens was appointed, to act in conjunction with the municipal authorities, to concert such measures and make such preparations for a suitable celebration as might be possible and desirable. The committee was as follows:

Selectmen George A. Wheeler, John P. Shepherd and J. W. Perkins, and Messrs. G. W. Perkins, Charles H. Hooper, George H. Witherle, E. E. Philbrook, C. Fred Jones, John F. Rea, Alfred F. Adams, John N. Gardner, W. S. Payson, Frank S. Perkins, George M. Warren and Frank E. Rea. This General Committee was subsequently organized by the choice of Dr. George A. Wheeler (Chairman of the Board of Selectmen), as Chairman, Charles H. Hooper, Treasurer, and C. Fred Jones, Secretary.

Sub-committees were appointed by the General Committee, as follows:

On Tablets or Landmarks.— Noah Brooks, George H. Witherle and Alfred F. Adams.

On Antiquities.—Frank S. Perkins, Thomas E. Hale, John F. Rea, Mrs. L. M. Perkins, Mrs. S. T. Noyes, Mrs. Phoebe Whiting, George H. Emerson, F. P. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Foster, A. K. Bolan and E. E. Crockett.

On Music.—W. G. Sargent, Mrs. J. P. Shepherd, W. M. Lawrence, F. A. Douglass, Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Philbrook, Miss Lucy Parker and W. A. Walker.

On Literary Exercises.— George H. Witherle, A. F. Richardson, Noah Brooks, J. W. Dresser, Mrs. W. H. Witherle and Mrs. Maria Woodbury.

On Decorations.— Alfred F. Adams, F. S. Perkins, E. C. Bowden, Jerre Perkins, Charles W. Richardson, E. S. Perkins, W. H. Hooper, John M. Vogell and W. G. Sargent.

On Naval and Marine Display.—George A. Wheeler, George M. Warren, J. N. Gardner, E. E. Crockett, Noah Brooks and R. B. Brown.

ON PRINTING.—W. G. Sargent and John P. Shepherd.

ON THE PUBLIC DINNER.—C. Fred Jones, W. A. Walker, John W. Perkins, George Wescott, Frank Hooper, N. P. Noyes and A. W. Clark.

ON INVITATIONS.—A. F. Adams, George A. Wheeler and W. G. Stevens.

ON SALUTE AND BELL-RINGING.—John P. Shepherd, J. M. Vogell, Edward Morey, A. C. Coombs, George Morey and Julian Webber.

ON PROCESSION.—E. F. Davis, Charles H. Hooper and George L. Weeks.

ON TRANSPORTATION.—George M. Warren, J. M. Vogell, Aaron Chamberlain and Charles Smalledge.

ON AMUSEMENTS.—C. H. Hooper, Thomas E. Hale, Jr., Walter S. Brown, Duncan Dunbar, Charles E. McCluskey, Walter Bartram, Thomas Perkins, E. S. Perkins and Wilbur Ward.

ON FIREWORKS.—A. M. Devereux, John P. Whiting, J. Millard Dennett, John S. Sawyer, Jr., and Frank V. Grindle.

ON EVENING RECEPTION.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dresser, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Shepherd and Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Rea.

ON BALL.—W. G. Stevens, Bennett Perkins, W. S. Payson and W. S. Macomber.

ON BUREAU OF INFORMATION.—W. S. Payson, Guy Sargent, Ernest M. Hatch, Clarence E. Wheeler, Alfred Rafnell, Leo Herrick, Nelson Woodbury, Russell Wescott, Otis H. Parker, Willis Ricker and Harry Macomber.

ON RECEPTION OF INVITED GUESTS.—The General Committee.

COMMITTEE OF AUDIT.—George M. Warren, George H. Witherle and C. Fred Jones.

THE HISTORY OF THE TOWN.

The act incorporating the town of Castine was passed February 8th, 1796; but the observance of that anniversary being undesirable in the usually inclement month of February, July 9th, 1896, was fixed upon as

the date for the celebration. As a matter of history, the date of the original occupation of Castine, otherwise the peninsula of Pentagöet, far precedes that of the settlement of any of the localities in this region of the Maine coast. The Plymouth Colony were the first whose activities here are recorded in history. Under the direction of Isaac Allerton, the Colony established a trading-post here in 1629; they held the place until 1632, when the French from Nova Scotia drove out the traders and settlers, in the temporary absence of Allerton. After some years of desultory warfare, the Englishmen were finally expelled in 1635, and the place, then recognized as Pentagöet, came into full possession of the French, who then reigned supreme in Acadie.

Internecine quarrels disturbed the peace of the region for many years after this; and in 1654 the English again took possession, Cromwell being then Lord Protector. Wars between the French and English finally terminated in 1667 by the treaty of Breda under which Pentagöet, along with all the territory lying eastward thereof, was ceded to the French. About this time the Baron de St. Castin, a French officer who had been engaged in the Canadian military service of his country, came hither, and marrying a daughter of Modocawando, a powerful sachem, established himself as a trader; Castin lived in a style somewhat baronial and was greatly influential during his stay. He was occasionally involved in wars with the English who still harassed the French who held the coasts of Maine adjacent to the English. The Baron sailed for France in 1701 and did not return; but his two sons remained and occasional mention of them is made in the annals of the time.

From 1728 to 1761 there is a blank in the history of the place, but in the year last-named the English-Americans were dwellers here. About this time and subsequently, the name of the locality was variously given as Majabagaduce, Bagaduce, Biguyduce, Bigiwiduce, and so on. In 1779, the American Revolution being in progress, the inhabitants were mainly loyal to the newly proclaimed Republic; the British landed in that year and took military possession of the peninsula which was formidably fortified, Fort George, on the crown of the promontory on which the present town is built, being the key of the position. At the conclusion of the treaty of peace, in 1783, the British evacuated the place; and four years later, February 23d, 1787, the settlement was incorporated under the name of Penobscot; this included the land on both sides of the harbor, the peninsula, and a considerable portion of the mainland. The peninsula and a portion of the region now known as Brooksville was incorporated as a separate township, known as Castine, February 8th, 1796. In 1817 the town of Brooksville was incorporated, being set off from Castine, and a portion of the mainland, belonging to Penobscot, was added to the territory of Castine.

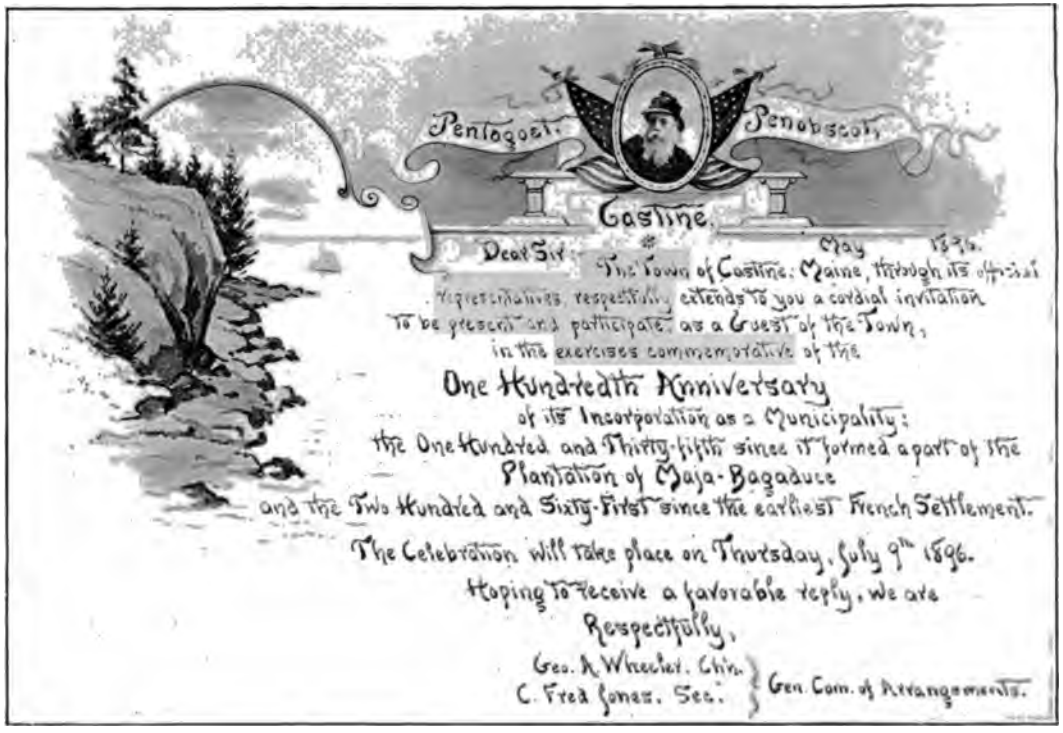
Penobscot celebrated its centennial in 1887; Castine had its one hundredth birthday in 1896, and that of Brooksville will occur in the year 1917. The far-wandering sons and daughters of Castine were hospitably entreated to return to their native town when the observance of their Centennial was determined upon; and many of them came to renew the memories and refresh the affectionate loyalty in which they have ever held the beautiful and historic place which is endeared to them by innumerable traditions, associations and

reminiscences. Prose and poetry have been invoked to celebrate the attractions of Castine, and the pencil of the artist has striven to do justice to its beauty. Strangers sojourning here may well have adapted Duncan's words to describe the lovely village, as one should say:

> "This Castine has a pleasant seat: the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses."

THE GUESTS.

The tide of summer visitors this year set in rather earlier than usual; for those who had learned to love Castine as a place of restful resort during the warmer months made haste to join in the celebration of its one hundredth anniversary. Prominent persons throughout the state were officially bidden to the festivities; and the more important invitations were handsomely engrossed on cards, designed and executed for the occasion. The notable guests were as follows: United States Senator Eugene Hale, Representative Seth L. Milliken, Representative Charles A. Boutelle, Representative Nelson Dingley, Jr., Supreme Court Justice A. P. Wiswell, Lieut. O. W. Lowry, U. S. N., representing the commander of the "Columbia," and accompanied by nine other officers of the cruiser; Joseph Williamson, the historian of Maine, and the town officers of Penobscot and Brooksville. Among those who were invited and sent letters regretting their inability to be present were J. W. Castine, M. P., South Australia; Chief Justice John A. Peters, of the State Supreme Court; Associate Justices Lucilius A. Emery, Chas. W. Walton, Enoch Foster, Wm. P. Whitehouse, and Sewall C. Strout; Speaker Thomas B. Reed and



Dear Sir: May 1896.

The Town of Castine, Maine, through its official representatives, respectfully extends to you a cordial invitation to be present and participate as a Guest of the Town, in the exercises commemorative of the

One Hundredth Anniversary

of its Incorporation as a Municipality;
the One Hundred and Thirty-fifth since it formed a part of the
Plantation of Maja-Bagaduce
and the Two Hundred and Sixty-First since the earliest French Settlement.

The Celebration will take place on Thursday, July 9th 1896.

Hoping to receive a favorable reply, we are

Respectfully,

Geo. A. Wheeler, Chm.
C. Fred Jones, Sec. } Gen. Com. of Arrangements.

Marines and Blue-Jackets from U. S. Steamship "Columbia."

Boys with Ancient Fire-Engine.

Senator W. P. Frye; Admiral F. M. Bunce, U. S. N.; Brig.-Gens. Selden Connor and W. S. Choate; Colonels T. P. Shaw, F. C. Thayer, W. H. Fogler and E. C. Farrington; Major A. G. Rollins; and Collector of the Port W. J. Creamer. The Governor of the state, and his staff, also sent regrets. Chief Justice Peters, in his letter of regret, expressed his admiration for the card of invitation which he had received, and said that he had deposited it in the collections of the Bangor Historical Society as a valuable souvenir; and Justice Emery wrote cordially and interestingly of the centennial event. Francis Van Wyke, formerly a citizen of Castine, and now 94 years of age, residing in Bangor, sent a letter conveying to his former fellow-townsmen his affectionate remembrance of the dear old place and people, and expressing his regret that his advanced years and increasing infirmities prevented him from revisiting, at this time, the scenes of his youth.

THE PROGRAMME.

The date of the celebration having been determined upon, the details of the programme were considered with carefulness and finally fixed by the following features:

5.00 o'clock A. M. . .	Bell Ringing and Salutes.
8.30 to 10.30 A. M. . .	Procession.
10.30 to 12.00 A. M. . .	Literary Exercises.
1.00 to 3.00 P. M. . .	Dinner.
2.00 to 6.00 P. M. . .	Boat Races and Amusements.
Sunset	Salute.
6.45 P. M.	Concert at Fort George.
8.30 P. M.	Fireworks in Front of Fort.
9.30 to 11.00 P. M. . .	Reception at Normal Hall.
10.00 P. M.	Ball at the Town Hall.

It was also agreed upon that the collection of antiquities, made for the occasion by the committee on that branch of the exercises, should be on view at the Normal School House, on the 9th and 10th of the month. It may be remarked here that the collection was one of great interest, the variety and value of the articles shown proving the scrupulous care and veneration with which the present generation has preserved the relics and reminders of the olden time. A list of these objects will be found at the end of this little volume.

The eventful Ninth of July dawned bright and beautiful, and the thunder of the early morning salute awoke the people of Castine to the enjoyment of a festivity of patriotic gratulation. On the previous day the magnificent United States cruiser "Columbia," detailed from the North Atlantic Squadron by orders from the Navy Department, had arrived in the harbor, and, with the revenue cutter "Woodbury" and visiting and Castine yachts, was now decked out with flags and bunting in brilliant array. The waters of the harbor sparkled in the summer sun and the luxuriant foliage of the shade trees for which Castine is famous was stirred by a pleasant breeze.

THE PROCESSION.

ONE of the most important and attractive features of the procession, which formed on the common and moved on time, was a detachment of about two hundred blue-jackets and marines from the cruiser "Columbia," under the command of Lieut. O. W. Lowry, U. S. N. The martial bearing and the free, swinging march of the men won the plaudits of the crowds of spectators.

Blue Jackets Passing Custom House.

ANCIENT FIRE-ENGINE "HANCOCK."

TRIUMPHAL ARCH—Intersection of Main and Court Streets.

The line was headed by the Belfast Brass Band discoursing most excellent music. Officers of the man-of-war, in full-dress uniform, rode in carriages with members of the General Committee, invited guests, aged citizens and those who were to participate in the literary exercises of the day. An organization of young men of Castine birth, resident in other places, "The Castine Club," marched in the line with a banner of their own and with the Lawrence Cornet Band, of Castine; they were greeted with many a round of applause along the line of march. Another feature of the parade was the ancient fire-engine, "The Hancock," dating from 1804, whose tub was designed to be filled from leathern buckets provided by the householders of the town. This interesting relic was escorted by a company of stalwart youths.

The houses and stores along the route of the procession were handsomely and profusely decorated with bunting and artistic devices; the skillful hands of professional decorators had been employed for that purpose during the preceding days. At the intersection of Main and Court Streets was erected a great triumphal arch of wood covered with evergreen, adorned with flags and streamers, and bearing on its front towards the port the word which was on the lips of all the people—WELCOME.

THE LITERARY EXERCISES.

JUST before arriving at the Trinitarian Congregational Church on Main Street, the procession was disbanded, and the literary exercises in the church were begun. A large platform had been built at the chancel end of the edifice and seats provided for the

speakers, the clergy, invited guests, the band and the Castine Club. After music by the band, the great audience, which filled every part of the building, was called to order by the Chairman of the General Committee, Dr. Geo. A. Wheeler, who spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF THE CHAIRMAN OF THE CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—We have recorded the saying of a wise man of old that "there is for everything a season and a time for every purpose under the heaven; a time to weep and a time to laugh; a time for keeping silence and a time for speaking." The hour for the latter has now arrived, but I do not propose to inflict upon you any lengthy remarks of my own, as others are to follow me whose province it is to call up before you fond recollections of the past, to invite your attention to some of the more important and salient events in our history, or to charm your ears with the rythmic cadence of verse. I would only remind you at this time that there are epochs in the history of nations, states, even village communities, as well as in the lives of individuals, which serve as mile-stones to mark their career. One of these epochs, and the most important one of all in the history of this town, we are met to celebrate to-day, and it is well for us to make a pause in the headlong pursuit of business or pleasure which characterizes the times and for a brief period to take into our consideration some of the many events which have marked our course as a municipality.

It is now my pleasant duty, for and in the name of the town of Castine, to extend, officially, to its sons and daughters who for this occasion have returned to

the place of their nativity, to the former citizens who have once more come back to tread its well-remembered streets, to the distinguished guests here assembled, and to all "strangers within our gates"—to each and all—a generous and hearty welcome.

I also have the pleasure of introducing to you as president of the day a native of this town personally well known to a majority of its inhabitants; known to many as "the Boy Emigrant to California," and widely known throughout the land not only for his reportorial services during the late war but also for his subsequent success in the world of literature. I have the honor to introduce to you Mr. Noah Brooks.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

On being introduced by the Chairman, Mr. Brooks said:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—This honor which has been given me is accepted with sincere gratification. After years of wandering I am once again a citizen of my native town, the beautiful town whose centennial we celebrate to-day. It is a dream fulfilled that, after so long an absence, I am able to unite with you in the festivities incident to this anniversary of our beloved town's foundation; and I am actually here, spending the evening of my days where I spent a happy boyhood. Pardon this personal allusion.

This is Castine's day. We welcome with real pleasure those of our guests to whom the fame of the beauties of this region may have dimly come; and we trust that you will say with one of old, "The half has not been told." To you we feel like offering an apology for our apparent youthfulness. We are really much older than we look. Being feminine—for a place is

always "she" — we may claim for our town the privilege of the gentler sex and say of her that she is older than she looks. For if we date back, as we should, to the time when the God-fearing Pilgrims under Isaac Allerton hung up their hats here in 1629, this village is 267 years old. Don't go away with the notion that we are only 100 years of age.

To our friends from Penobscot and Brooksville we need not offer any such apology; they know us of old. We parted from Penobscot 109 years ago. And, as an eminent American statesman once said to a British audience, "We have always been sorry that we let you go." For you the latch-string still hangs out. And Brooksville, named for one of the numerous Brooks family—John of that ilk, who was Governor of Massachusetts at that time—parted from us, regretfully, let us hope, in 1817; and at the same time a part of Penobscot (the better part, let us say) came back to us and clung around our off-neck; for, although we have no nigh-neck, we have an off-neck which is very near and dear to us; and it is there we have the region re-ceded to us by Penobscot.

With special warmth of affection do we greet here those of our own native townspeople whose hearts, we know, have always been with us in the homes which they have builded in other parts of the American Republic. Unwillingly leaving us, because the bounds of our little peninsula are too strait for a big population, they have joyfully come home to join in the celebration of our one hundredth birthday. We are sure that in whatever state they have found themselves, each one of them has always said of Castine — "My heart, untraveled, fondly turns to thee!"

Come, now, let us celebrate ourselves. It is a cause

for pride and gratitude to us that so many of our old-time friends and neighbors have proved in other parts of the land the value and the worth of an early training in old Castine. The hardy virtues, the manly independence and the unflagging industry of the sons of Maine have greatly contributed to the glory and honor of the American people wherever Maine men have been called by enterprise and adventure. In every department of human activity you will find the man from Maine — alert, active, hard-working, law-abiding; he is the builder of the state, the champion of the free school and the defender of the rights of man. It is possible that the Government of the United States might worry along for a while without Maine men; but such a contingency is remote, and seems hardly probable. For in every emergency of the state, wherever a leader or a champion of liberty has been wanted, a man from Maine has been sent for. In the old days, when American commerce whitened every sea with its sails, a British publicist complained that if it happened that an English voyager landed to take possession of a supposedly unclaimed island in remote seas, he would find a Bangor schooner bobbing up and down among the bushes, or a Portland pedler trading jackknives with the unbreeched natives. In like manner, even now, whether you are camping in the mountain solitudes of California, shooting alligators in the swamps of Florida, or prospecting in the mines of Central America, there you will find the law-making, law-enforcing Yankee, with a perfect genius for government—pervasive, all-knowing and ready to preach or trade. Is it too much for us to claim our share in this moral and material propaganda of the Western Continent? Nay; Maine has always been a leader in

the crusade; and Castine has never been behindhand.

To-day, in these historic shades, enriched with multitudinous precious memories of the more recent past in which our forebears had part, we unite in celebrating the goodness of God who has made us a happy and prosperous community, an integral part in one of the great nations of the earth. This occasion addresses itself not only to the dwellers in Castine, but to every patriotic American citizen who claims a home in this delightful land. An anniversary like this may well thrill the chords of tender memories of every lover of home and country. For each one of us may say:—

"There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
* * * * * * *
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
* * * * * * *
Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? Look around,
And thou shalt find, where'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country and that spot thy home!"

THE ODE BY REV. WILLIAM BRUNTON.

After prayer offered by the Rev. John P. Cushman, pastor of the Congregational Church, an organ prelude was played by Willis A. Ricker and the audience rose and sang to the air of "Auld Lang Syne" the following ode, written for the occasion by the Rev. William Brunton, pastor of the Unitarian Congregational Church:

"*The Bonnie Town of Old Castine.*"

One hundred years have flown away,
To honor our good town;
We all rejoice to greet the day,
And spread its fair renown;

For old Castine, dear friends,
For brave Castine,
Our happy heart glad greeting sends—
For old Castine!

What beauty all about it lies,
How beautiful it seems,
How fair its sea, how blue its skies,
It is like land of dreams;
Our bonnie old Castine,
Our dear Castine;
No brighter spot was ever seen—
Than our Castine!

What lovely homes are sheltered here,
What loving hearts and true;
To us and ours 'tis always dear,
Its beauty blest and new;
This lovely town, Castine,
Our old Castine,
Of all the bay it is the queen—
Our dear Castine!

Our hearts and voices blend as one,
In honor of Castine;
And when a century more is gone,
We pray she still will queen;
This lovely town, Castine,
Our own Castine,
No fairer spot was ever seen—
Than old Castine!

SCRIPTURE READING.

The Rev. U. G. Lyons, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was then introduced, and he read the following selections of Scripture:

Psalm xc, verses 1 to 6 and 12 to 17: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as asleep; in the morning they are like grass that groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth."

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long! and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants and thy glory unto thy children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it."

Hebrews viii, from verse 8 to the end: "Behold the days are come, saith the Lord, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and the house of Judah.

Not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day when I took them by the hand to lead them out of the land of Egypt; because they continued not in my covenant and I regarded them not, saith the Lord.

For this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put their laws into their mind and write them in their hearts, and I will be to them a God and they shall be to me a people.

And they shall not teach every man his neighbor and every man his brother saying, Know thou the Lord; for all shall know me from the least to the greatest.

For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.

In that he saith, a new covenant, he hath made the first old. Now that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away."

A SONG OF PATRIOTISM.

The President of the Day then introduced Judge Warren C. Philbrook, of Waterville, formerly of Castine; and that gentleman, who has a famous tenor voice, sang a solo from Von Suppé's opera of "Fatinitza," *My Native Land,* with fine effect and excellent method.

POEM BY MR. JOHN W. DRESSER.

The President of the Day then said: "When I was a youngster in this my native town, so many years ago that I hesitate to say when that was, one of the big, bright boys in the "Master's school" that I attended was famous for his scholarship and literary gifts. How little did we think then that the time would ever come when, a grizzled veteran myself, I should sit on the Castine Centennial platform with him and introduce him to a Castine audience. But the time and the man have come; and it is now my pleasure to introduce to you one of your own life-long friends and fellow-townsmen, Mr. John W. Dresser, who will read you a poem which he has written as a part of his contribution to the celebration of this day." Mr. Dresser's poem, which was received with great applause, was as follows:

The eventful dawn of a centennial day
Comes only once, my friends, to you and me.
May we not ask ourselves in serious mood
Why are we here? Of good what have we done?
And what more may we do in life's brief span?
For the quick passage of a hundred years
So marks for us the rapid flight of time,
We're startled as we pause, and think that they
Who with us lived and loved and thought and planned,

Were our own friends, perhaps our very sires.
Come then, go kindly back with me in thought;
We'll say 'tis seventeen hundred ninety-six!
We stand once more on soil made famous long
By strife and conflict for possession's sake.
The Baron, with his own peculiar skill,
Had lately won it from the savage grasp,
(Macdocawando's daughter now his bride),
And French and Indian life were joined in one.
But years rolled on, and great unrest and change,
And caring not to hold his costly prize,
He left it open for contention still.
Meagre indeed the records of the past
From then to later time, when Britain saw
The future value of this noted spot;
Our own fair land now counted it as hers,
But England fiercely claimed it as her own,
And sent her fleet with their two hundred guns,
And men who fought on Europe's battle-fields,
Under their tried and bravest generals.
In truth our forces far outnumbered theirs,
For Massachusetts sent her ablest ships
With stern resolve to save her own domain
From Mother England's greedy, grasping hand.
'Tis sad to say we had no leader there,
And gloomy hours were given to wild retreat;
One single day of Hull or John Paul Jones
Had sent their squadron flying from our shores.
And so these Englishmen became our guests;
Made free with all that came within their sight,
Grew very merry over our defeat,
Turned upside down on parlor window-panes
Our Yankee Doodle they had so long scorned;—
They learned to know it better later on!
They made their beds in our Masonic Hall,
And when at last their time had come to leave,
Made choice of emblems and Masonic tools,—
Things quite unnameable, you know, of course.
They left the altar,—had no use for that,—
The dreaded coffin, too, still less they craved;

U. S. STEAMSHIP "CASTINE."

IN WITHERLE PARK.

But to their everlasting shame be't said
They stole the ancient goat, ne'er since been seen.
Fort George they seemed to think could not be moved,
And proudly now it stands on yonder crest,
To mark for aye their own cheap victory.
With more than generous thought and toil and care
Our own good townsman has full well secured
Its future safe and free from selfish hands,
And from unwise and rude intrusion, too;
Our sons, a hundred generations hence,
Shall gladly bless him for the thoughtful deed.
We ask what influence brought our fathers here,—
What could have led them to this quiet spot?
The Baron's fort swept all the river's mouth,
And on the rising hilly crest, Fort George
Commanded all the scene on every side.
Exceeding fair it was, so rich the view
From off those high and new-thrown battlements,
That quick to one of keen, observant eye
Might come the thought,—"This, this shall be my home!"
How more than vain, indeed, the effort now
To picture the fair scene before us spread,
Growing upon us with our life-long growth;
Mountain and river, far-off island, bay,
Sequestered inlet deepening light and shade,
The safe and spacious harbor, wide and deep,
Ready for men of action here to bring
The fruits of commerce to her waiting shores.
Here, then, in those old far-off years were found
Men who in choosing well their homes could say,—
"Here's room for youth and growing enterprise,
And fairest promise of complete success."
We call their names; men of as sterling worth
As ever trod our old New England soil:—
The Perkins, largest owners of your lands,
Witherle and Howe, Bryant, Hale and Gay,
The Adamses and Crawford, Jarvis, Mead,—
And soon the tide of sure prosperity
Came flowing freely to our Castine shores.
Her port the one exchange for hundred miles

Of all the country round by sea and land.
And now she builds her ships, proportion large,
For their entire equipment well supplied,
The product mainly of their own skilled hands.
Timber and rope and sail and spar and chain
Gave many willing hands their daily wage.
No men who ever trod the quarter-deck
Of merchant ships, wherever they might sail,
Stood higher in the great commercial world
Than these, the old commanders of our fleet,—
Howe, Whitney, Perkins, Wescot, Dyer, Gay;
No men more safe, more sure, more shrewd than they
Planned wisely those adventurous voyages
To foreign shores; they bought, they sold, they brought
Old Europe's products to New England's marts;
And their own port had often larger part
Of all their freight, when they were homeward bound.
The fishermen on all our rock-bound coast
For more than fifty years knew this the place
For early needs, or for their full supply.
Our wharves and all our docks in early spring
Were often crowded thickly as they lay
Preparing for the coming outward trip;
And then the creaking block and mallet's click
Told loudly of the busy, healthful life.
Meanwhile there gathered 'round our firesides here
Those who in earlier youth had honored well
The grand old sterling stock from which they sprung.
Here now was wealth in fullness to supply
Large store of culture and of wider growth.
They asked us now for better, higher schools,
For newer methods, for such large demands
That all our pupils should at once be called
To fuller exercise of mental power.
Then Abbott's patient care and toil and thought
Brought to us all a rich and great reward;
A noble teacher compassed all his wish;
We greet him here to-day with grateful hearts.
And then, successful, faithful teachers here
Were called from us too soon to higher place.

And thus the praise and well-earned fame we gained
For love and care of Education's gifts
Brought us at length our valued Normal School.
With grateful, thankful hearts we now recall
The always-faithful, ever-watchful care
Of Dingley and the noble Chamberlain,
The zealous Fletcher, and the loving man
Whose quiet ways made many young men strong.
And may we not rejoice with one to-day
Who, as he guides it in its daily course,
Seems to make sure its future worth and growth?
To William Mason's early care and thought,
In the old days when books were few and rare,
We owe our ever-growing library.
Happy are we that now his mantle falls
On one who fills it with most generous grace,
Our own, our valued townsman, Noah Brooks.
An old physician claims a grateful word,—
A strong, historic figure of the past;
For all his time he gave, and thought and growth,
No other service his to yield or grant,
When life and health were given him in trust.
How keenly, too, he felt the nation's strife,
And when Secession's claims were first revealed
And Sumter's guns called northern men to arms,
A quick response we gave to Lincoln's call,—
Our Company's flag the first to leave the state,
True hearts replied and opened wide the purse,
And fair hands made the soldiers' wounds to heal.
No truer, braver men e'er met the foe
And her long roll-call fills a noble page.

Sadly reluctant now we turn our thought
To many years of change, to downward trend;—
Men will grow old. Tides rise and then must fall;
And when at last the topmost mark is reached,
With earnest striving still we struggle on
To stem the ebbing current of decay.
The rapid, quick-timed coming in of steam,

And then the gradual going out of sail,
Made sure the shipwreck of prosperity,
And brought decline to all our seaport towns.
Men stood appalled and could but sadly ask,—
What shall become of all that labor claims?
What shall supply so large, so great a need,
Such vital source of all substantial good?
But let us not too soon desparing cry;
Earth, air and sea still hold for us the power
To win and charm ev'n as in years long past
Men who in life-long earnestness will strive
To here create a hundred happy homes.
Even now we surely find for thankful hearts
More than we ever thought to cheer us on.
See where the Porters' lovely mansion stands;
Though Witham's boulders there so thickly lay,
We never dreamed they e'er would be disturbed
Till Gabriel's trump should sound and wake the dead.
See the Ames acres as they fast increase,
And show us verdant robes of living green;
And Keener's quiet, dainty summer home,
Where sunny hearts and faces always shine,
And Witherle Park, now open free to all,
By ever generous heart and willing hand.
Another kind of growing wood is found—
On Dyce's Head—than we had ever thought,
On stoniest soil Wood somehow seems to take
The deepest root! Grow on, grow on, O Wood!
We'll welcome all the summer birds you bring;
More of the Littles, please; we're fond of Wings,
And all the tasty Pols and lively Burrs;—
Perhaps we'd like a few more artists, too.
And then we see McLaughlin's vine-clad home,
And feast our eyes on Blake's and Morey's lawns.
The Wilsons' pleasant, picturesque abode,
And Fuller, all to happy in his choice,
Stands proudly overlooking all below.
Glad voices from Bates' cottage now we hear,
And Brastow's thoughtful words we all enjoy,
And last,—Oh, no! not least,—by river bank,

DYCE'S HEAD.

The one quaint cottage our friend Bolan planned,
That more than generous, open-hearted man
Who takes our hearts by storm with kindly deeds.
So gladly do we welcome those who come
To share with us our genial summer suns;
Not one among them all has ever asked
For Fashion's claims or for her noise or rout.
They come for needed rest from toil and care,
For grateful respite from the city's round,
Do we not note with pride their quality?
And ever cry as children do for more.
Our one Centennial day! Many have come
To look once more upon the dear old home;
They may not grasp the father's loving hand,
They may not feel the mother's warmer kiss,
But the old mansion's door stands open wide,
And brings back all the memories of the past.
Then let us make more beautiful this ground
And claim that not one old historic spot
A vandal hand shall ever mar or spoil,
For the bright scenes that brought our fathers here
May lure once more the old-time thrift and growth.
Still one more tribute now we ask to pay
To those whose daily thought and word and act
Gave us the heritage we love and hold;
As backward now we look upon their lives
Our words are all too poor to tell their worth.
For Memory's faithful links are true and strong,
And bind our hearts to them in loving thought.
Bravely and well they fought life's battle here,
And left their deeds to win our grateful praise.
How strange, how great, how marvelous the change
Since yonder peaceful hillside gave them rest!
No more for us the busy shipyard's scene;
No more for us the lofty sail is spread;
No more by man the hempen thread is spun;
No more we hear the blacksmith's hammer ring.
We talk to-day with all our far-off friends,
Or visit them at will in foreign lands
As though they lived near by, just o'er the way;

We know no limit, set no bounds of ours
To Man's supreme control of Nature's laws;
We ask for light, and other lights are pale
Before a ray which now we throw at will,
Even like the lightning's flash, o'er land and sea;
Amazed we look through solid matter now,
As though we knew it but transparent glass.
Ask we for heat,—earth's stubborn metals melt,
Touched by this fervent, all-subduing volt;
And steam, so long our greatest source of power,
Gives place to this unseen but mighty force.
To-day that twinkling spark tells time and space
To yield the boundless claims they called their own;
For even life and thought and being seem
Subservient to that mysterious power
So drawn from vast Creation's heavenly dome.

May he who holds it in his mighty hand
And garners with it all created things,
So fill our hearts and all our fleeting lives
With love to God and generous love to man,
That sweeter far in heavenly homes above
Shall dawn for us Centennials yet to come.

MR. GEO. H. WITHERLE'S HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

Introducing the orator of the day, after music by the orchestra, Mr. Brooks said: "Pardon me if I once more revert to a personal reminiscence. It is the privilege of old age to be garrulous and retrospective. In those earlier years, of which I have already spoken, there were in the school, then taught by Mr. S. W. Mitchell and by Mr. Chas. A. Spofford, two lads who were wont to 'speak pieces' for the delectation of fellow scholars and visitors. They sometimes declaimed such dialogues as the quarrel scene from 'Julius Cæsar,' the colloquy between *Hamlet* and *Horatio,* or that

The JOSEPH PERKINS HOUSE, built 1791.

The WILLIAM HUTCHINGS HOUSE, date unknown.

William Hutchings, at the time of his death in 1866, was the last survivor, but one, of the soldiers of the American Revolution. He was born in York, Me., in 1764: his father removed to Majabagaduce in 1768: he enlisted in the Army of the Revolution in 1781: he died in his own house, which is in Penobscot, about six miles from Castine.

between *Percy* and *Douglas* in 'Percy's Masque,' making the old woods by the Block House ring when they rehearsed their parts before their public appearance. It is a strange mutation of life that has brought one of these boys, after years of absence from his beloved birthplace, to introduce the other, who has always been a resident among you, to a Castine audience on a day of Centennial celebration. Yet so it has come to pass, and with real pleasure, although with diffidence, I present to you Mr. George H. Witherle, who will now address you." Mr. Witherle was cordially greeted by the audience and spoke as follows:

An old town with a history. Such is Castine whose centennial we celebrate to-day. Not specially old as a separate municipality, for Maine has more than five score towns whose incorporation dates further back than a hundred years. But few of them have traditions and records of the past like ours, running so nearly to the very beginnings of New England, so full of stirring and romantic interest, so worthy of remembrance and narration.

Most of you are doubtless familiar with the conception of the marvelous possibilities growing out of the theory of the endless transmission of every wave of light through infinite space. A being whose eyes were endowed with infinite telescopic power and with a capacity of motion vastly exceeding that of light itself, could leave the earth, outstrip the rapid rays, see in reverse order all that has passed on our globe, and reach at length a distance where only the formless void and darkness on the face of the deep would meet his gaze. And while accurate thinking discloses many difficulties in the way of clear and perfect vision of all the world's past scenes, even by such a being, yet

enough remains to authorize the use of the conception in efforts of romance or imagination, even of that soberer and more matter-of-fact imagination whose aid must always be summoned on an occasion like this. To give new facts of history, or even a compendious abstract of the already known, is not our purpose, but to present a few brief and incomplete pictures, to take hurried glimpses by the way, to explain, to comment, to suggest. Thus we will use the grand idea referred to as an instrument to aid in recalling some fragments of the history of our town, though only in the imperfect manner in which all instruments are employed by unskilled and unpracticed hands. And with these imagined powers we will start on our outward and backward journey.

The present fades, familiar surroundings vanish, we have bewildering glances at strange forms and faces in our dizzy flight. Now even the land and sea are hidden. For the tremendous ice sheet covers all the region, overwhelms the summit of Katahdin, buries deep the Camden and Mount Desert Hills, fills all our inland waters and ends in mighty cliffs, giving birth to gigantic icebergs, far out in the gulf of Maine. The summer sun shines down on its dazzling surface, but no summer sights are there, no life save its slow, crushing, irresistible movement. We have penetrated, perhaps, too far into the depths of space and time, and will return with diminished, though still unimaginable, speed.

The frost of ages is passing away. We look down upon a soaked and draggled earth, bare and worn, yet one upon which, with minor differences, we still recognize the present form and outline of hill and valley, inlet and bay. Slowly or swiftly, as we time our

homeward flight, grasses and shrubs clothe the soil, flowers bloom, trees spring up, birds rest on their branches and dot the air in their flight, wild beasts are roaming through the forests and over shore and upland. Among them man appears.

Centuries upon centuries glide away before us, unnumbered seasons run their course. Pause for a moment and consider the aspect of a July day here a thousand years ago. Main and island are overspread with woods, such as we call primeval, clothed with the varied greens of a diversified growth. Within, we find broad spaces free from underbrush,

> "Where are mossy carpets better
> Than the Persian weaves,"

where the trees rise in majestic columns worthy of God's first temples and through each "branch enwoven skylight" a dim, religious light sifts down and spreads around, such as never glorified an old cathedral. Yet, as a whole, the interior is dark, damp and gloomy, full of decayed and prostrate trunks, abounding in windfalls and impenetrable thickets, among which, now and then, an Indian trail winds its obscure way. Tracks of great forest fires may deform the landscape, of sooty blackness, if recent, bleached white and ghastly, if of older date. Small clearings may relieve it, giving light and air to accustomed camping places, or satisfying the needs of the rude and scanty aboriginal agriculture. No white sail reflects the sunshine, no swift steamer disturbs the waters. They are only rippled by the paddle and the birch canoe, whose owners, not unlikely, are among our earliest summer visitors, escaping from the hot interior to enjoy the cool breezes of the bay, and the feasts of clams and other products of

the shore and salt water, whose remnants, in the deposits of shells and bones along our beaches, still remind us of their existence.

It may be hard to picture clearly this outward scene. How much farther removed from our consciousness the mental state of these children of the forest, so shut off from all connection with the great outside world, or knowledge of it, so devoid of the thoughts and interests which fill our lives.

A hundred years later, the Northmen first tread the soil of New England. Did they penetrate our inlets or land on our shores? Should we see on the waters around us the vessel bearing to Vinland, Thorfinn and Gudrida, parents of the first white American, or Thorhall, the hunter, on his perilous exploring expedition? Little doubt that some of those hardy wanderers would come within the circle of our gaze, but they pass and leave no certain sign.

At last Columbus gives a new world to the old. But the narratives of the sixteenth century supply little positive knowledge of the navigators who may have visited Maine's eastern coast, and not until the seventeenth commences do we begin to emerge from the mists of inference, tradition and unreliable statement, to find authentic records. These may enable us, after vainly scrutinizing unknown voyagers, to recognize Champlain, in his little vessel, sailing from Port Royal now Annapolis, Nova Scotia, first giving names to Mt. Desert and Isle au Haut, passing up the bay in full view of our peninsula and ascending the Penobscot to the site of Bangor.

How interesting would be a clear vision of the next one hundred years. How the tangled skein of events might be unravelled and their dim course be made

The JOHN PERKINS HOUSE, built about 1765.

The ELISHA DYER HOUSE, built about 1800.

distinct. Rough and stalwart actors appear on the scene, their lives full of intrigue and adventure, toil, strife and danger, seeking by trading or raiding, by fair means or foul, to promote their own private interests and the supremacy of France or England.

First, in this spot where our gaze is centered we may see temporary French occupants; next, about 1629, the establishment of the Pilgrim and Puritan traders from Massachusetts, with its varying fortunes, its plunder by a French vessel, its seizure by D' Aulney in 1635, the appearance off the harbor of the redoubtable Miles Standish, accompanied by an armed ship, intent upon recapture, but foiled by the haste of Girling, her captain, the smoke of whose guns is manifest as he heedlessly burns all his powder and fires away all his shot, at so long a range as to be harmless to his enemy.

Then comes the long struggle between D' Aulney and his French rival, La Tour. Scenes of trade and strife are relieved by the milder vision of Friar Leo of Paris conducting the religious exercises at the foundation of the chapel in honor of our Lady of Holy Hope and engraving on the copper sheet the rough commemorative inscription so strangely preserved for almost two centuries and a half. D' Aulney's death scene and the marriage ceremony of his widow with his old-time rival now flit before us, and after a few more years the martial figure of Castine appears, in all the vigor of early manhood.

Would that power of thought and charm of language might be given to treat that adventurous life as a gifted pen might treat it, and bring it before us as vividly to-day as the penetrating eyes we are imagining might see it. A strange mixture indeed was the life of

many so-called gentlemen of the mediæval sort, who scorned avocations which our democratic ideas recognize as among the worthiest, while they easily adapted themselves to savage associations and manners from which we should shrink.

We behold him, when scarcely past the age of boyhood, leaving his home among the Pyrenees, fighting against the Turks in aid of the Emperor of Germany, and later guarding Canadian settlements against Indian outbreaks. Then, in 1667, when France made peace with the tribes and the regiment of which he had been a subordinate officer was disbanded, he journeys through the woods from Quebec to the spot which now bears his name. The description of the old fort here, drawn up three years afterwards, when Acadia was formerly transferred by England to France,—the cannon, magazine, chapel, dwellings and other buildings, the well, the garden of fruit trees near by,—even this abbreviated catalogue may aid us in realizing some of his life's surroundings.

This fort is the defence of the harbor, the point of attack of every enemy, whether of the two Dutch raiders, who forcibly captured it, or of the hated Andros in the frigate Rose, before whom its occupants retired without resistance. Here often comes the brave and sagacious Modocawando, here lives his dusky daughter, over idealized, doubtless, by the poet, but not improbably endowed with many wild and natural charms.

Here the Romish Priest always finds welcome and shelter, with sympathy and aid in the exercise of his calling. Here the Indian flocks for trade, or rendezvous for war,—specially do we note the gathering and departure of the canoe fleets transporting the Indian

contingents, sharing in the capture of Fort Loyal at Falmouth in 1690 and of Pemaquid in 1696.

Finally, on some day not far removed from the beginning of a new century, he who to our eyes has so long been the central figure treads for the last time the soil of Pentagöet, leaves his children and the Indian associates over whom his influence had been so great, and departs for his native France.

> "In the harsh outlines of his face
> Passion and sin have left their trace.
> Yet, save worn brow and thin gray hair,
> No signs of weary age are there.
> His step is firm, his eye is keen,
> Nor years in broil and battle spent,
> Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have bent
> The lordly frame of old Castine."

For an uncertain period, Anselm, the elder son, makes headquarters here. He retains his father's influence with the Indians, serves gallantly in three sieges of Port Royal by Provincial forces, and receives a commission as lieutenant in the French army. The record of his marriage to the daughter of a French officer is preserved in Nova Scotia; as also of two sisters to French gentlemen, one the grandson of La Tour and D'Aulney's widow.

On one occasion he is taken by strategem from his residence and carried to Boston, a prisoner, charged with offenses of a hostile sort, but after five months' confinement, a thorough investigation by the committee of the general court and in accordance with public sentiment, he is discharged. Of Joseph Dabadis, a younger brother, scattered records remain, specially a letter addressed by him to the lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, claiming compensation for a small

vessel taken from him near Naskeag Point. All, however, fade out from written history and here again our far-seeing eyes might afford undreamed-of knowledge. Faint surmises, indefinite traditions about squatters in this neighborhood, occupants of the buildings at Fort Pentagöet and children born there, might thus come into the realm of fact.

We should surely note the expedition of 1759, which erected the works at Fort Point, and Governor Pownal with twenty men sailing across the bay one afternoon, in the sloop Massachusetts, visiting the abandoned fort and settlements, "hoisting the king's flag and drinking the king's health," a sort of picnic, apparently, and should doubtless agree with him "that, from the site and nature of the houses and remnants of the fields and orchards, it had once been a pleasant habitation."

With the close of the French and Indian War, the building of Fort Pownal and the granting of townships for settlements by Massachusetts, "the old order changes, giving place to new." Settlers flock in, this peninsula, divided into eight lots, being apparently taken up in 1761, Trott's Ledge and Dyce's Head still preserving the names of the occupants of each extremity. If we love the marvelous we may obtain a glimpse of the witch wife, next neighbor to the latter, who often torments him in the form of a black cat with fiery eyes, as she limps home, scorched and crippled, when, after one uncommonly trying visitation, he seizes her and throws her into a bed of coals. Hunting, fishing, lumbering, clearing, tilling — the occupations of pioneers, but of men who come to subdue the wilderness — men who are making homes and laying the foundations of a state, now prevail. Intelligence from

FORT GEORGE, 1779, looking West.

DUNGEON IN SOUTH BASTION.

without comes mostly by water and at irregular intervals. Imperfect reports sift in of the stirring events preceding the Revolution and the echoes of the "shot heard round the world" doubtless are resounding here. Startling rumors come of intended British military occupation. At this time more than 100 lots have been taken up in Plantation No. 3, or Majabagaduce.

One June morning in 1779, William Hutchings—the Revolutionary soldier to be—and an uncle, fishing near the Fox Islands, sight the expected fleet and with the exclamation from the latter, "There comes the devils," start for their homes up the Bagaduce, stopping on the way to witness the first hostile landing and reconnoissance at the foot of what is now Main Street. Then follow a few busy weeks, the felling of trees, the laying out of Fort George, the forced labor of the inhabitants from all around, the hasty attempts to complete or strengthen the defences, as the certainty of an attack in the near future, by the Massachusetts forces, becomes manifest, and on July 24th the Penobscot expedition, the most numerous, though not the most powerful squadron which ever floated on our waters, about forty vessels, enters the bay.

To many of us it is an old story—yet how eagerly do we scan its visible presentment. The unsuccessful attempts of Lovell to land on this peninsula, the capture of Nautilus Island, the driving of the British sloops of war, Albany, North and Nautilus, from their anchorage near its entrance further up the harbor, the successful landing, in the early morning of the 28th, under cover of the guns of the shipping, Trask, the young musician, playing on his fife behind the rock, the crashing of the round and chain shot among the woods on the steep western bank, the hurried flight

of the larger part of the British defenders, the firmer stand and the deliberate retreat of John Moore, the young lieutenant, the only officer who did not leave his post too soon. "A good deal startled," he admits, "at the first fire, but this went off gradually afterwards"; the intrenching by the Americans on the ridge commanding Fort George, the attempts to surround it by batteries, the cannonading, the skirmishing, the loss of opportunities, the divided counsels, are not all these things written in the journals of eye-witnesses and the Massachusetts archives? Also the coming of the powerful British relief squadron from New York, headed by the Raisonable Sixty-four (the ship in which England's greatest admiral, Horatio Nelson, first saw sea service), the disgraceful and panic-stricken retreat, "four ships pursuing seventeen sail of armed vessels, transports on fire, men-of-war blowing up," all either burnt, sunk or captured — the troops and sailors struggling back to safety through the woods.

And so Majabagaduce settles down quietly under British rule, a quiet only ruffled by such events as the cutting out of an armed brig by Little, by the skillfully planned and daring escape of Wadsworth and Burton from Fort George on a dark and stormy June night, and by the entrance into the bay for reconnoitering purposes of the French frigate Hermione. The defences are increased and strengthened, most of the patriots, with their families, leave the neighborhood, and naturally there is a collection of tories in their place, a fact which has brought unjust and unreasonable criticism and aspersion on our patriotic record.

To this period belongs the scheme of creating the Province of New Ireland, east of the Penobscot with

Bagaduce for its capital—a province where the Church of England is to be established, whose political institutions are to be of a very aristocratic sort, and the freer republican spirit of the rest of New England shut out. Had this been done, Castine, with a different name and a larger population, would now be under the British flag, and few of us who are present would have been gathered here to-day. But the firmness of John Adams, when the treaty is made, saves Eastern Maine to the Union.

And now again our space-penetrating eyes would disclose secrets of unmeasured interest. We only know that some day in January, 1784, weeks after New York passed under American control, the last forces embark and the last ships sail away, the last British flag is lowered and the last sign of dependence upon England disappears from our Atlantic coast; many residents who adhere to the royal government, several hundred in all, leaving at or before the evacuation and settling in St. Andrews or vicinity. About six hundred inhabitants remain in Majabagaduce. On this peninsula but thirty-eight, with five two-story and thirty-two one-story houses, two wharves and two stores upon them. A great change from the crowded garrison life and the naval bustle of years. But the exiled patriots soon return, emigration again flows in, empty houses are filled. In 1787 Majabagaduce is incorporated as the town of Penobscot; her residents first enjoy the privileges of municipal government and exercise the rights of freemen in voting for state and national officers. But the town is too extensive and cumbrous and its interests are too diversified long to remain a unit. Its religious interests are divided earlier than its political ones and after much discus-

sion the old church on the Common is built in 1790, the territory on which its supporters reside constituting the second parish of Penobscot, afterwards the first of Castine.

On June 6, 1795, the petition of Mark Hatch and eighty-seven others of the second parish, for a separation from the town, is presented in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, by whom does not appear, and in accordance with the report of the committee on incorporation of towns, it is voted that the petitioners be heard on the third Wednesday of the next session. After this hearing leave is granted the petitioners to bring in a bill. This passes both Houses February 8th, 1796, and is signed by Governor Samuel Adams February 13th. No name for the new town is inserted in the original petition and no certain knowledge exists in regard to the person whose good taste suggested that which we bear, so appropriate and distinctive. The first town-meeting is held April 4, 1796, thus completing the event whose centennial we now celebrate. But the men, even of this latter day, have all departed, though we have known those who have seen and known them, and it is still at an unimaginable distance that their forms could meet our eyes, that we could see them in their daily avocations, in their Sunday worship, in their town-meetings, discussing their disputes with the proprietors of Township No. 3, and passing resolves against the embargo, or gathered in the old church listening to the Fourth of July address by Hon. Isaac Parker, M. C., or to the funeral discourse upon the death of Washington by Rev. William Mason, made more impressive by the sombre drapery of its walls and the mystic services of the Masonic order, or reading the account of these services in the *Castine*

Wadsworth's Cove and Blockhouse Head.

Journal, the first newspaper east of the Penobscot, of which only one worn and imperfect file now remains. But we must not linger by the way.

The irritation produced by England's prolonged aggressions has culminated in war and the air is rife with new rumors of invasion. The officer commanding the small garrison at Fort Madison agrees to give warning of the appearance of a hostile fleet by firing three guns with a short interval between. Early in the morning of September 1st, 1814, a puff of smoke is seen, and a loud report rouses every slumberer. A second brings all to their feet, and the echoes of the third have hardly died away before the whole population are in the streets, hurrying to outlooks on the hill. There, stretching across the bay, distinct in the clear, calm autumn twilight, slowly drifting with the tide, is the formidable squadron—a sight such as will never be seen on earth again—the ships of the line, Dragon, Bulwark and Spencer, frigates, sloops of war and transports, with more than three thousand men. The south wind breezes up and the fleet makes more rapid progress. Fort Madison fires one useless shot, its little garrison retreats and its magazine explodes. Parson Mason and the selectmen row out with a flag of truce and surrender the town. The fleet anchors on the western shore. A detachment of troops makes a rapid landing at Wadsworth's Cove and a quick march up the hill. Again, and let us hope for the last time, the flag of St. George floats over the soil of Castine.

The next few months are the busiest and most crowded in our history. Legitimate trade is extensive and profitable, smuggling is rampant, occupation abundant, social life gay, personal property, except in shipping, secure. The system of fortification is elaborated.

All the trees on the unsettled part of the peninsula are cut down; officers are quartered on the inhabitants, some pleasant and gentlemanly, others rough and brutal. But a strict military rule is galling at best. One, who was a young man then, used to tell of some trying experiences in evading sentinels, while returning late at night from visits to his lady love. All hearts are joyful when peace brings freedom and quiet, and faces as well as houses are illuminated when the fleet sails away and the stars and stripes are hoisted.

And now we approach scenes within the memory of the living. Fort George, for a while, is occupied by United States troops. 1817 brings the incorporation of Brooksville and the adjustment of the boundaries of Castine to their present limits, with only one later addition, the Buker farm. The years have much of personal and local interest, for which we cannot delay. We note, however, in the thirties, the long-regretted removal of the courts, inevitable after the cutting down of the limits of Hancock County, bravely fought against, finally brought to pass, it is perhaps allowable to say now all feeling is over, by some rather sharp practice of our Ellsworth friends. In this decade, also, comes the bloodless Aroostook War and the service of a portion of our Castine Company, the Hancock Guards, in the winter campaign near our northern boundary.

Far different the demands on the men of '61, when the guns of Sumter resound not less loudly or widely than the shot from Concord in 1775. Castine responds promptly and bravely. Our still distant eyes behold the crowded farewell meeting to Company B, Second Maine, the first regiment in the field from our state, held in the old church on the evening of April 26th,

and our streets thronged in the twilight of the next morning to give them last hand shakes and parting words. We see other war meetings, other departures for the front; we scan eager and anxious faces, saddened or joyful, as varying reports come from the seat of war. We witness the grand outburst of delight when Lee surrenders, and the smoke of the cannon thundering around the bay — as never since the conflicts of the Revolution — the passionate grief at the death of our beloved Lincoln, the sad memorial services, the minute guns on his funeral day. Of the true and loyal men, living or dead, who by land and sea, from Pennsylvania to Louisiana, from disastrous Bull Run to glorious Appomattox, bravely stand for the honor of our town and the integrity of the union, how gladly would we speak. We cannot name them all. We will specify none. We know them. We will remember them.

Weary with gazing and wandering in the past, we will close our eyes to the pictures which the last thirty years unfold. We open them again in the present, on this centennial day, in this gathering, amid this July sunshine, with guests whom we joyfully welcome, with a ship floating on the waters of our harbor of which the men of a hundred years ago never could have dreamed, before which all the combined fleets of the past could hardly make a longer stand than Modocawando's squadron of birch canoes.

Friends of my earlier days, scattered among this audience, you for whom

> "The same horizon bends
> Above the silver sprinkled hair,
> That bore the light of morning skies
> To childhood's wonder waiting eyes,"

whether like yourself, Mr. President, returned to your boyhood's home after busy years among men of thought and men of action, or, like others, life-time residents in our quiet town, you need no superhuman powers of speed or sight to picture the events of half a century. As memory does its faithful work, how much, long since gone into the realm of history, stands clearly out in our mental vision, but more clearly still, in a different sphere from history.

"What greetings smile, what farewells wave,
What loved ones enter and depart,
The good, the beautiful, the brave,
The heaven lent treasures of the heart."

For all that we have received, the Lord make us thankful, make us ready to discern the workings of his kindly Providence, in whatever befalls the home, the town, the nation, and enable us to say from our hearts, that life has been, and still is, well worth living. But if we have longings and regrets for the past, or fears for the future, let us put them aside to-day. For the one let us cherish reverent and tender memories, for the other inspiring hope. Hope, that in the new century upon which we are entering, we shall strive to perform more worthily one grand function of the New England town, to be a school of pure democracy — no less an effective school if often full of turbulent scholars — hope that though we may never attain wealth, high culture or lofty intellect, we may always abound in intelligent, thoughtful, earnest men and women. As individuals we soon shall slumber among earth's forgotten millions, forgotten by the great world, but not by Him who careth for the grass of the field and without whom no sparrow falleth.

May we humbly trust that with the imperfections of our lives some good influences have been mingled,

The THATCHER AVERY HOUSE, built about 1775, by Capt. John Perkins.

The JOSEPH WESCOTT HOUSE, built about 1800.

whose effects shall run through the coming century, and even when it ends shall still quicken the hearts of those, who then fill the places where we stand to-day, with regard for our noblest ideals.

POEM BY MRS. SANFORD B. DOLE.

The presiding officer then said: "A valued contribution to these exercises comes to us from the far-off isles of the Pacific. Mrs. Dole, wife of Hon. Sanford B. Dole, President of the Hawaiian Republic, is one of the fair daughters of Castine; and she has written for the Centennial celebration of her native town a poem which she would perhaps have read to us; but she is not here, and there is no telephonic communication with Honolulu. But we shall be favored with a reading of Mrs. Dole's beautiful lyric from the lips of her niece and namesake, Miss Anna Cate Witherle, whom I have the honor to present to you." Miss Witherle read with clearness and grace the following lines:

Baron Vincent de St. Castine!
The name rings out full stately and fair,
But the Baron is no longer there,—
Gone—with his beautiful Indian Queen,
All the dusky Indians have flitted and flown
And the pale face is left to rule alone,—
But the name still lingers—Castine!—Castine!
Sweetest of all sweet names I ween!
And fair and stately indeed is she
As she sits in her beauty beside the sea,
And the sounding waves roll on—roll on,
And a hundred years have come and gone,
Bearing their burdens of want and of woe,
Bearing souls out to the great unknown;
Desolate wrecks over unknown seas,
Where there's never a sail to catch the breeze,
But broken spars and tangled ropes,
Bearing downward our loves and hopes;

Drifting out o'er the stormy main
Never to come into port again;—
May the good Lord help us for such as these!
But June still lives with its skies of blue!
The fields are full of daisies and clover,
The birds are trilling the orchards through,
And the lilacs are making the old world over;
Ah—June is a rare and ancient lover!
Look up—Sweetheart—for the world is true!
We stand on the brink of a larger day,
Where love shall guide us along the way,
Where in worlds of science and realms of thought
The evolution of truth is wrought;
And nature is holding her splendid sway.
The past is gone, with its rhythm of beauty,
Its jarring discords and notes of pain;
The future is dim as we look to greet it,
But a hundred years will come again;
And shoulder to shoulder we go to meet it,
Strong in the good there is to gain,
Strong to battle for right and truth,
For the grand ideals and hopes of youth,
For selfishness conquered and evil slain.

Silently over the Bigwiduce
Daybreak is coming in tints of pearl,—
Flushing the river with roses' bloom,
Making an opal out of the sea,
Where the fisher boats their sails unfurl,
Waking the world to a perfect dawn,
Just as a hundred years agone.
God still watches over thee,
O beautiful town beside the sea!
Silently over the Camden hills
The sun is setting in seas of gold;
Folding the tired land to sleep
In a glory of colors manifold.
Wrapping thee close in a golden sheen,
God is watching thee—loved Castine!

At the request of the President of the Day, the audience then stood up, and, led by the organ and a quartette, sung the grand old hymn, "America," with thrilling effect, the orchestra furnishing an obligato accompaniment as the volume of song rolled on. A benediction was then pronounced by the Rev. William Brunton, and while the assemblage dispersed, Mr. Ricker played a postlude on the organ, and the exercises were over.

THE DINNER.

THERE was some confusion in the arrangements for dinner, owing to a rush of excursionists from other towns, the great warship in the harbor being one of the chief attractions of the day. The unmanageable number of these people interfered with the programme at the Acadian Hotel, where the dinner was served; the result was that the post-prandial exercises were practically suspended; but the repast was an excellent one. The menu was as follows.

MENU.

Consommé Royal. Tomato aux Croutons.

Queen Olives. Native Lettuce. Sliced Cucumbers.

Boiled Penobscot River Salmon au Petit Pois.
Pomme de Terre a la Parisienne.

Baked Chicken Halibut, Maitre d'Hotel.

Boiled Philadelphia Capon, Celery Sauce.
Boiled Leg Southdown Mutton, Caper Sauce.

Roast Young Turkey, Crab Apple Jelly.
Roast Sirloin of Beef, Dish Gravy.
Roast 1896 Spring Lamb, Mint or Brown Sauce.

Baked Macaroni au Fromage.
Pine Apple Fritters au Rhum.
Fricassee of Chicken a la Printanier.

Lobster Salad with Mayonnaise Dressing.
Cabbage Salad, French Dressing.

Cold Cincinnati Ham. Cold Ox Tongue.

Halford Table Sauce. Shrewsbury Ketchup. Table Oil.

Mashed Potatoes. Boiled Potatoes. Green Peas.
String Beans. New Squash. New Beets.

Strawberry Shortcake.

Vanilla Ice Cream. Chocolate Ice Cream.

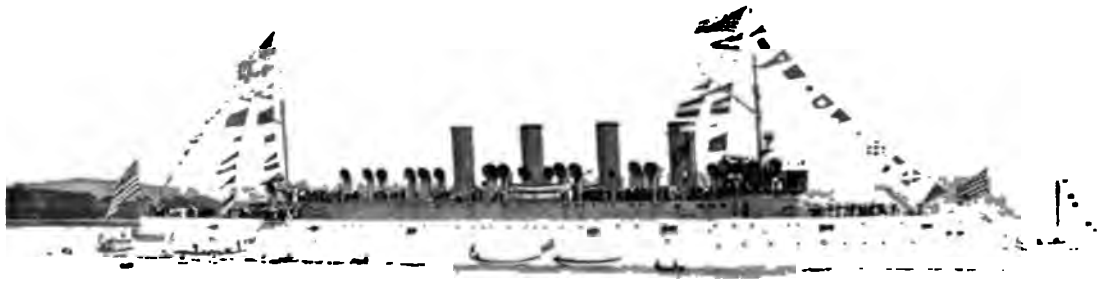
Assorted Cake. Oranges. Bananas.

Ice Chilled Watermelon.

Tea. Coffee. Cocoa. Milk.

INCIDENTS OF THE EVENING.

THE little town was crowded with visitors during the day, numerous excursions from points around Penobscot Bay and River bringing thousands to participate in the celebration; great numbers also arrived by land from adjacent towns. The incidents of the day passed off without accident, and in the evening the fireworks, the reception and the ball closed the long



U. S STEAMSHIP "COLUMBIA."

programme. The fireworks were displayed from an enclosure on the sloping ground in front of old Fort George nearest to the town; and the exhibition was a very brilliant and satisfactory one. The cruiser "Columbia" had fired a national salute in the middle of the day, and during the evening a powerful search-light was turned on from the ship, illuminating the water front and the town in the wonderful manner peculiar to these inventions.

Two large yachts from the cruising squadron of the South Boston Yacht Club, the flagship "Thelma" and the schooner "Windward," under command of Vice Commodore W. D. Gowen and Rear Commodore E. H. Lansing, and Fleet Captain G. P. Field and Captain W. A. Ruddick, respectively, took an active part in the festivities. The yachtsmen burned a fine display of fireworks from a barge anchored in front of the town, adding to the enjoyment of the occasion. Many officers from the white cruiser and the yacht fleet attended the ball in the evening.

The quiet night came down on a weary but happy people, satisfied with the fortunate celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of their town and sincerely glad that no disaster had marred the enjoyment of the long-looked-for birthday of Castine.

MESSAGES FROM ABROAD.

PLEASANT messages came from the invited guests who were unable to be present, Senator W. P. Frye sending word that illness alone, which he regretted more than he could express, prevented him at the last moment from coming in response to the invitation

which he had already accepted. From far-off Montevideo came a letter from Commander Thomas Perry, of the United States Ship "Castine," saying that the writer and his brother officers on the vessel greatly deplored their unavoidable absence from the anniversary celebration of the town for which their ship is named. They expressed their cordial and affectionate interest in all that would mark the day.

LETTER FROM J. W. CASTINE, M. P.

From South Australia came a letter from Mr. J. W. Castine, M. P. This gentleman is believed to be a lineal descendant of the Baron de St. Castin, and his interest in all that relates to the ancient town that bears his family name is naturally very deep. His letter is as follows:

"GLENBURN," RIVERTON, April 14, 1896.

To Dr. G. A. Wheeler, Chairman of the Centennial Committee of the town of Castine, Maine, U. S. A.:

MY DEAR SIR:—It was indeed an agreeable surprise for me to receive your most kind letter, dated the 12th of December last.

The cordial invitation it conveyed, viz., for me to be present and participate with you in the festivities connected with the celebration of the 261st year since the earliest settlement, and the centennial of the incorporation of the town that bears my name, sent a thrill of patriotism through my veins such as almost induced me to pack up my portmanteau and hasten across the sea to the ancient and adopted home of the once renowned and valiant nobleman, Jean Vincent de Saint Castine, from whom there is every reason to believe I am the solitary descendant. Believe me, my dear sir, it is not a small obstacle that prevents my accepting the invitation of your committee; as, if there could be any event in the history of any one's life more interesting than another, it certainly would be the fact of the dim memories of the past resuscitated and the lives and actions of one's forefathers being prominently recognized by a people living so many generations after.

It is to me a sad disappointment that owing to the immense distance the British Isles are from here I am unable to search the national records in order to trace back the historical family line beyond what I obtain from our family Bible. I notice, however, the Bible was only printed in 1813, so the record has evidently been taken from some county register, probably that of Cornwall in the west of England.

The following is the record:

Daniel Castine, born Feb. 7, 1708.
Robert Castine, a son, born Nov. 18, 1745.
William Castine, a son, born Nov. 17, 1768.
John Castine, my father, born April 19, 1808.
John William Castine, only son, the writer, born May 27, 1846.

Four stalwart sons and one daughter have been born to me; my eldest son is the only one at present married and a daughter is the issue of the marriage.

The name of Castine, therefore, a generation ago almost extinct, is now likely to be perpetuated in the direct line for some generations to come. If the above genealogy be correct, and I have no reason whatever to doubt it, then there remain, at the most, but two generations between the life of the Baron and that of Daniel Castine, and I believe there would be little difficulty in discovering the missing link if one could search the official documents connected with the stirring times during the reign of Louis XIV of France and Charles II of England. I firmly believe that it was during this period that Anselm and Joseph Dabadis, the Baron's two sons, were taken to England and there domiciled, either by compulsion or choice.

To the inhabitants of the town of Castine, through you, I desire to say that the traditions of the past, in connection with the family name, are being upheld by the descendants of the doughty Baron. He, a wanderer from the shores of France, became a sojourner in a distant land, wherein he lived for many years, helping to found and build up a mighty nation; and a monument to his valor and energy has evidently been raised in the pretty town on the Penobscot River now called Castine.

The writer, with, I suppose, an imbued instinct and love for travel, exploration and adventure, after leaving his native home in the west of England, has for the past thirty-three years or more been striving to found and to build up an empire, not, of course, in

America, but in the sunny climes of the southern seas; and young as this country is, even now might it be said of her, "She is a brilliant gem in the diadem of the British nation."

By a strange coincidence, and it is somewhat noteworthy, the government of this colony has thought fit to honor my public actions by declaring a large tract of country, measuring upwards of ten miles square, to be named after me.

[With some general remarks concerning the probability of a grand federation of English-speaking people at some future time, and the vast possibilities of such a union, Mr. Castine continues:]

How much would I give to have been able personally to convey these sentiments to the inhabitants of Castine and through them to the people of the United States; and most certainly had it not been for important matters, over which I have no control,—I refer to the general elections for our lower house of parliament,—taking place within the next four weeks, and which, after having been returned to four successive previous parliaments, induces me again to enter the lists and contest, you would have thrust upon you the modern frame of "Old Castine."

Your most cordial invitation I shall treasure up, and my children, doubtless, will ever respect the town and its inhabitants that bears the family name.

To the United States government I also owe a debt of gratitude in perpetuating that name. One of your men-of-war is called "Castine," and it was a source of disappointment to me last year when that vessel was at Tamatave that she was unable to visit Australia, when I might have become acquainted with your representatives, her officers and crew.

Of course, you are well acquainted with the doings and progress of our colony, with which, for many years, I have been so closely associated. Indeed, mine has been a busy commercial and political life here, but the old martial spirit asserts itself from time to time. For sixteen years I have had the privilege of holding a commission in Her Majesty's volunteer infantry forces, now holding the rank of major. My four sons also have served in the ranks. Some years ago when the British troops suffered rather severely in South Africa, your humble servant volunteered for service in that country. Already I am intimately associated with one of your states; some time ago the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of the State of Nevada appointed and constituted me their official representative at the Grand Lodge

of South Australia, — another fraternal tie between your mighty nation of over 60,000,000 and our rising and promising counterpart of 4,000,000.

Animated by these fraternal feelings, my desire now is to be associated in some way or other with the old town of Castine and its inhabitants, so that the friendship that seems to have grown up between us may develop into affection and the link so long missing, associating the past with the present, may find a fitting place in the chain of historical associations.

It appears there is a tradition that the Castine boys are born web-footed. I can hardly believe it! Might I ask, is the curfew bell still rung at 9 o'clock, and, if so, do you all put out the lights and then retire to peaceful slumber? Are all the elderly ladies still provided with footstoves when they attend church?

Naturally I shall anxiously look forward to the receipt of the particulars of your demonstration, and, if I am not encroaching too much upon your good nature, may I ask you to instruct your secretary to send me the interesting details.

Once more regretting my inability to be present on or near the first of July next, and wishing the inhabitants of the town of Castine health, wealth and every possible happiness, I have the privilege to remain, my dear Dr. Wheeler,

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN WILLIAM CASTINE.

THE DISPLAY OF ANTIQUITIES.

THE exhibition of antiques and relics was one of surpassing interest and attracted throngs of visitors to the Normal School Building while it was open. In the following list of articles shown the names of the owners of the objects are printed in italics:

OLD BOOKS, DOCUMENTS, ETC.

"A System of Doctrines," 1793. *Mrs. Willard Devereux.*
Family Bible of the Capt. John Perkins family, 1765.
Family Bible of the Foster family, 1776.

An account of the trial of Seth Elliott for the murder of his son. Elliott was hanged in Fort George in 1824. *Mrs. G. W. Perkins.*

Catalogue of books in the Town Library, 1801. *Mrs. G. W. Perkins.*

"Watts's Divine Songs," 1726. *Mrs. Willard Devereux.*

"Exposition of the Assembly's Shorter Catechism," in 250 sermons delivered between 1658 and 1706. *Mrs. F. W. Foster.*

"The New England Primer." *Mrs. F. W. Foster.*

"The Christian Almanac" for 1825. *Mrs. F. W. Foster.*

An account of the trial of Ebenezer Ball for the murder of Captain Downs, 1811. Ball was hanged in Fort George. *Mrs. G. W. Perkins.*

"The New England Primer." *Miss Lucy Adams.*

"The National Ægis," Dec. 16, 1818, and July 9, 1806; "The Eastern American," published in Castine, Me., Nov. 19, 1828; "The Massachusetts Spy," published in Worcester, Mass., Sept. 26, 1821.

Bill of sale of a negro slave, dated Albany, N. Y., May 23, 1760. *Mrs. Alfred Adams.*

Maps of the United States, 1818, 1823, 1828. *Rev. J. P. Cushman.*

Hebrew Grammar, 1623. *Rev. J. P. Cushman.*

Greek Testament, 1771; "The New England Primer," 1691. *Rev. J. P. Cushman.*

Handbill advertisement of Edward Sharp, Bigwaduce, 1784. *G. H. Witherle.*

Commission of Samuel Noyes as Ensign, March 1, 1810. *G. H. Witherle.*

License to Cunningham, Lime Burner, June 5, 1794. *G. H. Witherle.*

Order from Rear Admiral E. W. Griffith, R. N., not to burn American shipping in the Bagaduce, Sept. 2, 1814. *G. H. Witherle.*

Advertising handbill of steamboat from Boston to Eastport, Me., June 20, 1827. *Geo. H. Witherle.*

Copy of certificate of incorporation of town of Castine, Me., 1796. *Dr. G. A. Wheeler.*

Account of the capture of the ship "Hiram," 1801. *Mrs. C. J. Whiting.*

Commission of Joshua Witherle, Captain of Artillery, signed by John Hancock and dated 1782. *G. H. Witherle.*

Certificate of stock in Castine Bank, April 1, 1818. *G. H. Witherle.*

OAKUM BAY, Castine.

Note of Castine Bank, April 1, 1818. *G. H. Witherle.*

Clearance of schooner "Ranger," Jan. 3, 1795. *G. H. Witherle.*

Bank notes, as follows: Bank of Charleston, S. C., $5, 1794; $6, 1777; $8, 1776; Massachusetts Bay, $3, 1780; Bank of New Jersey, 3 shillings, 1776; 20 shillings, same bank and date; 1-6th of $1, U. S., 1776; Bank of South Carolina, $90, 1779, and $3, 1776. *Geo. H. Emerson.*

HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES AND DRESS.

Easy chair brought from England about 1670. *Dr. G. A. Wheeler.*

Chair belonging to Mr. Holbrook, first settler on Holbrook's Island, Castine Harbor, about 250 years old. *Mrs. C. F. Clarke.*

Chair formerly owned by the Joy family, brought to Castine (then Penobscot) in 1806 from "Union River." *Capt. B. Dunbar.*

One of twelve chairs brought from England to York, Me., near the middle of the 17th century, by the Weare family, and brought to Castine (then Penobscot) 177–, being then the property of Phœbe Weare, wife of Capt. Joseph Perkins. *Noah Brooks.*

Rocking-chair, has been in the Hatch family since 1790. *Frank Hooper.*

Chair formerly belonging to Dr. William Crawford, and supposed to be about 175 years old. *John McLaughlin.*

The original Master's chair, of Hancock Lodge, F. & A. M., in use since 1794. *Mrs. F. M. Hibbert.*

Rocking-chair, over 100 years old, formerly belonging to William Hutchings, of Penobscot, who lived to be 100 years old. *Mrs. Jane Straw.*

Rocking-chair formerly belonging to Mrs. Lanpher, made before 1696. *Mrs. G. W. Perkins.*

Rocking-chair brought from York, Me., by Capt. John Perkins in 1764. *Mrs. Elisha Perkins.*

Chair formerly belonging to Mistress Anne Bradstreet, "The Tenth Muse"; made in England, probably near the close of the 17th century. *Miss C. O. Stearns.*

Chair formerly belonging to Joshua Hooper, 1789. *Frank Hooper.*

Welsh plate, 150 years old; another of English make, 100 years old. *Mrs. Elizabeth Bridges.*

Table used by the paymaster of the British troops, who was quartered with the Lawrence family, during the war of 1812. *Mrs. C. F. Clarke.*

Table from the John Perkins mansion, 1781. Writing desk of Capt. Perkins; been in possession of the family since 1767. *Mrs. Elisha Perkins.*

Piano formerly owned by Gen. Alexander Macomb, who defeated the British at the battle of Plattsburgh, September, 1814. *Capt. Rowland Brown.*

Baby clothes made for Mrs. Lydia A. Greene, daughter of Jonathan and Nancy Perkins, born Dec. 10, 1825. *Mrs. F. W. Foster.*

Two pewter platters used by the British while in occupation of Castine (then Penobscot) during the Revolution. *John F. Rea.*

Chest owned by Mark Hatch, one of the early residents of Penobscot (now Castine), when the British took possession. Filled with valuables, the chest was carried to the coast of New Jersey and buried; was brought back when the family returned in 1785. *Capt. Jerry Hatch.*

Bed-spread, part of the wedding outfit of Mrs. Jonathan Hatch, married in 1824. *Mrs. F. W. Foster.*

Towel spun and wove by hand, 75 years ago. *Mrs. F. W. Foster.*

Table belonging to the first generation of Stockley, an heirloom of the Stockbridge family, 150 years old. *F. S. Perkins.*

Fire tongs formerly belonging to William Hutchings, the centenarian, of Penobscot. *John F. Rea.*

Pestle and mortar brought from York, Me., by the Joseph Perkins family, previous to the Revolution. *John F. Rea.*

Tin kitchen or roaster, 100 years old; tin bread-baker, 50 years old, and frying-pan, 100 years old. *Robert Dyer.*

Frying-pan over 100 years old, formerly property of Dr. J. L. Stevens.

Fire tongs, have been in the Avery family since 1775.

Candle-moulds used in 1800. *Mrs. Lucretia Webster.*

Lantern, 100 years old. *Jonas Turner.*

Knife-box of the Avery family, made in 1712.

Waffle-iron left in the Hale house by the British, 1814. *T. E. Hale.*

Ancient foot-stove. *John F. Rea.*

Door-lock from the old Jarvis house. *John F. Rea.*

Hall clock of the Johnston family. *Daniel Johnston.*

Mortar used for pounding corn. *A. J. Mograge.*

Pitchfork used by Dea. David Wilson, 1788. *D. W. Webster.*

Warming-pan from the Peletiah Leach family, 1775. *Capt. Bennett.*

Old card-table from the Jarvis estate.

Willow-pattern platter, 1775; also teapot, formerly belonging to Deputy-Governor Thomas Dudley, of Massachusetts, who was in office from 1634 to 1650. *Thos. E. Hale.*

Mug and pitcher, Liverpool ware, made for Capt. David Dunbar, of Penobscot; now owned by *Capt. David Dunbar*, Castine.

Pewter porringer and plate, 125 years old. *Dr. E. E. Philbrook.*

Tray, decanter and wine-glasses, before 1790. *Mrs. Lucretia Webster.*

Miniature trunk in which money and jewelry belonging to Mrs. Lucy P. Whitney were locked and hidden in a drain during the British occupation of Castine (then Penobscot), in the war of 1812. *Mrs. Phœbe Whiting.*

China plate, 100 years old. *Dr. E. E. Philbrook.*

Ball dress of pink silk, 150 years old, worn by Miss Hannah Orcutt. *Mrs. G. W. Perkins.*

Platter, with brown center and blue edge, 80 years old. *Mrs. D. P. Colson.*

Piece of the wedding dress of the great-grandmother of *Dr. G. A. Wheeler*, 1670.

Mug, over 100 years old. *Dr. E. E. Philbrook.*

Pickle leaf, Davenport ware, date unknown, formerly belonging to Mrs. Margaret Perkins Brooks. *Noah Brooks.*

Decanter formerly belonging to Capt. Joseph Perkins; date somewhere before 1790. *Noah Brooks.*

Sugar-bowl, cup and saucer, formerly belonging to Margaret Perkins Brooks, 1808. *Noah Brooks.*

Sampler worked in 1811 by the mother of F. W. Foster. *Mrs. F. W. Foster.*

Fan, 200 years old. *Mrs. Joel Perkins.*

Sampler worked in 1698 by Elisabeth Cotton. *Mrs. Joel Perkins.*

Mug formerly belonging to Dr. Jotham Moulton. *Miss Lucy Adams.*

Dish and platter, willow ware, known to be 125 years old. *Mrs. F. P. Lewis.*

China pitcher, between 90 and 100 years old. *Miss Ida Crawford.*

Bread-basket, 1776. *Mrs. J. W. Dresser.*

Cup, saucer and plate, over 100 years old. *Miss Mary Jackson.*

Japanned tray, over 100 years old. *Dr. E. E. Philbrook.*

China teapot, over 100 years old. *Mrs. Bartram.*

Green silk calash, worn 65 years ago. *Miss Mary Dyer.*

Blue Staffordshire platter, age unknown. *Mrs. Philip Hooke.*

Decanter, 1760. *Mrs. L. M. Perkins.*

Yellow teapot, over 100 years old. *Miss Clara Stearns.*

Decanter belonging to the Straw family, 84 years old. *Mrs. Jane Straw.*

Two pitchers, Liverpool ware, marked severally "M. W." and "D. W.," made for David Wilson and Miriam Wilson, on the order of their son, Capt. Benjamin Wilson. *David Wilson Webster* and *Mrs. F. W. Foster.*

Pewter pitcher and teapot, known to have been in use in 1775, in the family of the late Mark P. Hatch.

Worked pocket formerly used by the Hatch family.

Pitcher, 100 years old. *Mrs. G. W. Perkins.*

Crockery soup-tureen given (filled with tea) to Mrs. Samuel Noyes by a British officer at the evacuation of Castine (then Penobscot), in 1816. *Mrs. Samuel T. Noyes.*

Cup and saucer, formerly belonging to the family of Capt. David Dunbar, between 90 and 100 years old. *Mrs. Lucy J. Thomas.*

Tidy of netted work, 125 years old. *Dr. G. A. Wheeler.*

Young lady's needle-book and wallet, with small mirror, supposed to be over 100 years old. *The Whitney Family*, Castine.

Pitcher formerly belonging to the grandfather of John F. Rea, and marked with his name, over 100 years old. *John F. Rea.*

Liverpool pitcher marked "Benjamin and Jane Williams."

Linen table-cloth used by Washington at Lansingburgh, N. Y., during the Revolution. *Mrs. A. F. Adams.*

Ivory thread-spool used when the spooling of thread was first introduced. *Mrs. G. W. Perkins.*

Door-knocker from the old Mann house of pre-Revolutionary times. *John F. Rea.*

Ancient washing-machine. *G. H. Witherle.*

House fire-bucket, 1821. *Mrs. S. T. Noyes.*

Pair of wool-cards, 100 years old. *Hudson Devereux.*

Work basket, 100 years old. *Mrs. G. W. Perkins.*

Mirror brought to Castine about 1770 by Capt. John Perkins. *G. H. Witherle.*

Candlestick, 150 years old. *M. P. Hatch Family.*

Pin cushion, over 100 years old. *Miss Clara Stearns.*

Sampler worked by the mother of Mrs. Willard Devereux at the age of 9.

Pewter spoon and dish. *John F. Rea.*

Dish, 100 years old; spectacles, 80 years old. *Mrs. N. P. Noyes.*

Silver spoon made in Castine (then Penobscot) in 1808. *G. W. Perkins.*

Silver spoon made between 1746 and 1760. *Dr. G. A. Wheeler.*

Silver porringer belonging to the Whitney family, over 100 years old. *Mrs. S. K. Whiting.*

Baby's cap, 75 years old. *G. W. Perkins.*

Sampler worked by the wife of President Day, Yale College, 1799.

Two ancient mirrors. *Hudson Devereux* and *Mrs. J. N. Gardner.*

OLD COINS.

One of the silver "pieces of eight" found on the Grindle place, and known as "the Castine coins," dated 1667. *Noah Brooks.*

Pine-tree shilling, 1632, and oak-tree twopence. *G. H. Emerson.*

Copper cents of 1812. *F. S. Perkins.*

Demi Louis d' or (gold), 1642; found near the old French fort. *G. H. Witherle.*

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES.

Painting of Twinklebury Castle, by Mary Ann Cockayne, Gibraltar, 1814, given to Richard Hawes, Castine. *Dr. G. A. Wheeler.*

Oil painting of ship Robert Morris coming into the port of Havre in 1833. *Mrs. L. M. Perkins.*

Portrait of Mrs. Hannah Avery. *The Avery Family.*

Picture, "Emblem of Africa," bought by Capt. John Perkins, 1797. *Mark Devereux.*

Six colored engravings, "Wanderings of the Prodigal Son," dated July 2, 1797. *G. W. Perkins.*

Steel-engraved likeness of John Holmes, Representative in Congress from the District of Maine, 1819, and subsequently Senator from Maine. *Noah Brooks.*

Oil painting of ship Canova, built in Frankfort, Me., 1823. *G. H. Witherle.*

Photographs of the Castine family now living in Australia. *Dr. Geo. A. Wheeler.*

Portrait of Capt. John Perkins, one of the earliest residents of Penobscot, now Castine. *Mrs. Elisha Perkins.*

Portrait of John Perkins, born 1777. *G. W. Perkins.*

Portrait of Stover Perkins, born 1781. *G. W. Perkins.*

Portrait of Robert Perkins. *Daniel Johnston.*

Portrait of Mrs. Robert Perkins and infant Lucy. *Daniel Johnston.*

Portrait of Major Otis Little and his wife, Dorothy Perkins Little. *Mrs. Lucy Wallace.*

Portrait of Miss Betsey Avery, 1793, 1863. *Mrs. Edmund Abbott.*

Portrait of Mrs. Hannah Avery, who came to Penobscot, now Castine, 1783. *Mrs. Edmund Abbott.*

Portrait of Mark P. Hatch and wife. *The Hatch Heirs.*

Portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Adams. *The Adams Heirs.*

Portrait of Thomas E. Hale, with sword-cut made in the canvas by an English officer in 1814. *Thos. E. Hale, Sr.*

Portrait of Josiah Hooke, 1744, 1829. *F. A. Hooke.*

Engraved likeness of Col. William Henshaw, commissioned Adjutant-General of Massachusetts forces, 1775. *Dr. Geo. A. Wheeler.*

Engraved likeness of Sir John Moore, framed in oak from the British transport St. Helena. *G. H. Witherle.*

Colored engraving of "La Famille Imperiale," printed in Paris, 1808. *Noah Brooks.*

Engraving of the town of Castine in 1843. *G. H. Witherle.*

Silhouette likenesses of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lawrence, made 90 years ago. *Mrs. G. W. Perkins.*

Engraved likeness (ideal) of the Baron de St. Castin, framed in wood from palisade of the Baron's fort. *W. H. Hooper.*

MILITARY RELICS.

Sword used at the battle of Bunker Hill. *G. A. Wheeler.*

Canteen used in the Revolutionary War by Samuel Chamberlain, of Vermont. *W. H. Lawrence.*

Officer's dress sword, war of 1812. *Rev. J. P. Cushman.*

Cannon balls from old French fort, Castine. *G. H. Witherle, G. A. Wheeler* and *John F. Rea.*

Cannon ball, two grapeshot and piece of shell plowed up in the vicinity of Fort George, Castine. *Mrs. A. J. Mograge.*

Flag presented to the Hancock Cadets, or "Fairport Nine," 1840. *Noah Brooks.*

Old colored engravings, "Comforts of Industry" and "Miseries of Idleness." *Mrs. Ellen Perkins.*

Old picture of the boy "Harry" (Capt. Henry Whitney), on the ship Hiram, taken by the French in 1800. *Mrs. C. J. Whiting.*

Hinges from the powder magazine in Fort George, 1779. *G. H. Witherle.*

INDIAN BAR.

Musket used in the Revolutionary War. *F. Grindle.*

Cannon ball fired by the British while pursuing the American fleet up the Penobscot River, 1779; the missile struck a dwelling-house, passing in at one side and coming out at the other. *John F. Rea.*

Knapsack carried by color sergeant J. H. Noyes in the Aroostook War. *Mrs. S. T. Noyes.*

Uniform button of Scotch dragoons, Revolutionary War. *Curtis Stevens.*

Dress chapeau of U. S. naval officer, 1812. *Rev. J. P. Cushman.*

Grapeshot, Revolutionary War. *Geo. Devereux.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Unique collection of horse-shoes. *John F. Rea.*

Cane made from a palisade of old Fort Pentagöet by S. T. Noyes.

Pewter communion service of the First Congregational Church, Castine (then Penobscot), 1796. *Mrs. S. K. Whiting.*

Hand-cuffs and leg-irons used in 1779 in the conveyance of prisoners on the northern frontiers of the United States. *John F. Rea.*

Hames used in 1796. *The Avery Heirs.*

Ancient sun-dial. *John F. Rea.*

The original charter of Hancock Lodge, F. and A. M., No. 4, 1794.

Bass viol, 1782. *Josiah Hooke.*

The Tyler's sword, Hancock Lodge, F. and A. M., No. 4, 1794.

Jewels of same, used since 1794.

Autograph book. *J. P. Cushman.*

Silver brooch belonging to Capt. Joseph Perkins, dates before the Revolutionary War. *Noah Brooks.*

Stock-buckle, Scotch make, 1776. *Mrs. Nellie Hawes.*

Watch left in Castine by the British at the evacuation, 1815. *W. H. Sargent.*

Pocket-book given in 1789 by Capt. Jack Lowder to his betrothed bride, Polly (Mary) Joy, of Union River, now Ellsworth. *Mary Joy Dunbar.*

Cane of Ebenezer Fitts, first bell-ringer of Castine.

Several canes made from the timbers of the British transport St. Helena, wrecked in Castine Harbor, 1779.

The Austin coat-of-arms, brought from England in 1792. *G. H. Witherle.*

Indian stone gouge, found in Castine.

Ancient French pipe. *Dr. G. A. Wheeler.*

Ancient snuff-box. *Dr. G. A. Wheeler.*

UofM

INCORPORATION OF THE TOWN.

THE petition of the inhabitants of that part of Penobscot which was subsequently called Castine, praying for a separate incorporation, was presented to the General Court of Massachusetts, June, 1795, the District of Maine being at that time a part of the State of Massachusetts. At the time of the presentation of the petition, the name of the proposed town had not been determined upon; there is no record of the name of the person who suggested the fortunate title subsequently given to the town, or of the date of filling the blank left in the petition for the name—Castine. The act of incorporation was not passed until the month of February next succeeding the presenting of the petition. Following is an attested copy of the petition, now on file in the archives of the State of Massachusetts:

To the Hon^{ble} Senate & Hon^{ble} House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in General Court Assembled– June 1795–

The subscribers Inhabitants of the Southern Part of the Town of Penobscot in the County of Hancock Humbly shew–

That the said Town is in Extent from the southern to the Northern end Eighteen Miles and 240– Rods that it is so Intersected with Water and the settlements in it are so scattered as to render it Extremely Inconvenient to the people to Conduct Town business under their present Circumstances– That the difficulty of fixing one Place of Publick Worship is so great as to make an agreement among the Inhabitants a thing hardly to be expected– And that the Natural situation of the Town, its great Extent and the Interfering Interests of the Various parts are such as to Create uneasiness and dissentions; in Consequence of which all Publick spirit seems to decay and all those Institutions and Establishments which Promote the Harmony and good Order of Society are in great Measure Neglected–

That this spirit is not peculiar to the People of this Town, but Naturally and Necessarily flows from the situation and form of the